

THE TWO LAST

3

PRAYERS

O F

WILLIAM

L A T E

VISCOUNT  
STAFFORD,

At his Execution on

**Tower-Hill,**

*Wednesday the 29th of Dec. 1680.*

The one in *Latin*, the other in *English*.

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L O N D O N:

Printed, in the Year 1680.

*The last Speech of the late Viscount Stafford having been already made Publick, the true Copy of these his last Prayers, the one in Latin, the other in English; falling into my Hands, I thought the Publication of them would not be unacceptable to the Curious. I have therefore for their sakes Published them without any Descant of mine own, having only added the Translation of the Latin Prayer, for the Satisfaction of those, that understand not that Language.*

*The two last Prayers of William  
late Vilcount Stafford, at his  
Execution on Tower-Hill;  
Wedn the 29. of Dec. 1680.*

## I.

**A** Gnosco (Domine JESU) peccata mea, multa & magna, pro quibus timeo; sed spero in misericordiâ & miserationibus tuis, quarum non est numerus: Secundum igitur magnam misericordiam tuam miserere mei, & secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum dele iniquitatem meam. Si peccata mea magna sunt, major est misericordia tua: Si multa, infinitæ sunt miserationes tuæ. Si ego commisi, unde me possis condemnare, tu non amifisti, unde potes, & soles salvare. Credenti in potentiâ tuâ, & dicenti, *Domine, si vis, potes me mundare*, tu statim respondisti, *Volo, mundare*: Credo, quod ipse speravit, imploro,

A 2

quod

quod ipse imploravit. Dic igitur animæ meæ, *Salus tua ego sum*: Sana me, Domine JESU, & sanabor: Salvum me fac, & salvus ero, & misericordias tuas in æternum cantabo. Ne projicias me igitur a faciẽ tuâ, & spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas à me; sed redde mihi lætitiã salutari tui, & spiritu principali confirma me. Tu dixisti, dulcissime JESU, *Convertimini ad me, & ego convertar ad vos*: Ego me ex toto corde meo, ex totâ animâ meâ, ex totâ mente meâ, converto ad te; converte te igitur, misericordissime, ad me indignum famulum tuum, quem pretioso sanguine redemisti. Tu dixisti, *Qui me confessus fuerit coram hominibus, confitebor & ego eum coram patre meo, qui in cœlis est*. Ego te & sanctam tuam religionem Catholicam vivens confiteor, & moriens, adjuvante gratiâ tuâ, confitebor: dignare me igitur suscipere, & confiteri coram patre tuo, qui in cœlis

coelis est. In tuâ promissione, non in meâ justitiâ confido. Vitam, quam dedisti mihi, libenter tibi reddo secundum beneplacitum tuum: In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, qui moriens spiritum tuum in manus æterni patris commendâsti. In pace igitur in idipsum dormiam & requiescam: quoniam tu, Domine, singulariter in spê constituisti me. Amen, JESU, Amen.

**I** acknowledge (O Lord JESUS) my Sins, many and great, for which I fear; but I hope in thy Mercy and Commiserations, whereof there is no number: Have mercy therefore upon me according to thy great Mercy, and according to the multitude of thy Commiserations, blot out mine iniquity. If my Sins are great, thy Mercy is greater; If they are many, thy Commiserations are infinite: If I have committed that, for which thou mayst condemn me, thou hast not lost that, by which thou canst, and usest to save. To him, that believing in thy Power said, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean, Thou presently answeredst, I will, be clean: I believe, what



*he hoped for, I implore, what he implored. Say therefore to my Soul, I am thy Salvation: Heal me, O Lord JESUS, and I shall be healed: Save me, and I shall be saved, and will sing forth thy Mercies for ever. Cast me not therefore away from thy face, and take not thy holy Spirit from me: but render me the joy of thy Salvation, and confirm me with thy principal Spirit. Thou, most sweet JESUS, hast said, Turn to me, and I will turn to you: I turn to thee with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind; turn thou therefore, O most merciful, unto me thi e unworthy Servant, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious Blood. Thou hast said, He that shall confess me before men, I also will confess him before my Father, which is in Heaven. I living confess, and dying, by the help of thy Grace, will confess thee and thy holy Catholick Religion: Vouchsafe therefore to receive me, and confess me before thy Father, which is in Heaven. I confide in thy Promise, not in mine own Justice. The Life, which thou hast given me, I willingly render unto thee according to thy good pleasure. Into thy hands do I commend my Spirit, who dying commendedst thy Spi-*

rit into the hands of thy eternal Father. In peace therefore upon the same will I sleep and take my rest ; because thou, O Lord, hast singularly constituted me in hope. Amen, JESUS, Amen.

## II.

**T**Hou hast said, O Lord, He, that loves Father or Mother more than me, is not worthy of me. I acknowledge, most dear Lord, that I love my Wife and Children as much, as a loving Husband and tender Father can love a most deserving Wife and most dutiful Children ; But to shew, that I love thy divine Majesty more than them, and mine own Life to boot, I willingly render and forsake both for the love of thee, and rather than to offend thee, though by the contrary I may have Life and all Worldly advantages, both for my self and them. Receive therefore, dear JESUS, this voluntary Oblation of both, take us into thy Protection, O Helper in Tribulations, in Opportunities. Be thou a Judge and a Spouse to the Widow, a Father to the Orphans, and Salvation to all our Souls. I rejoyce to have so dear a Pledge, to offer and present thee for all thy Blessings and Benefits

bestowed upon us, and for thy sake, who offeredst thy self to Death for us, even the most Ignominious Death upon the Cross. Receive therefore, sweet JESUS, this poor Oblation of mine, though all I am able to offer thee, in union of all thy Oblations of thy most sacred Life, Death; and Passion; and of all those divine Oblations, which have been, are, and ever shall be offered upon thy holy Altar: All which I offer thee, and by thy hands to thy eternal Father. O Father, look upon the Face of thy CHRIST, and turn away thy Face from my Sins. O holy MARY, Mother of GOD, all the holy Angels and Saints of Heaven, vouchsafe to make Intercession for me, that what I deserve not for my self, may by your Merits and Intercession be bestowed upon me. Amen, JESU, Amen. Grant and ratify, what I ask, for thy Names sake. Amen.

### The Bookseller to the Reader.

**C**ourteous Reader, I have thought fit for thy Spiritual Benefit, to adjoyn to these aforegoing Prayers of the Lord Stafford; this following Act of Contrition.

Veni





## Veni Sancte Spiritus, &c

*An Act of Contrition, made by the Reverend Father Antonio das Chagas, of the Holy Order of Saint FRANCIS, of the Province of the Algarves, and Apostolical Preacher in Portugal.*

Translated out of Portuguese.

**O** My God! O God of my Heart! of my Soul! of my Life! and of all that is within me! whom I have so much offended! so much, O my God and my Lord, that neither the Sands of the Seashore, the Stars of the Heavens, the Flowers of the Field, nor the Leaves of the Trees; can equal the boundless number or unspeakable variety of my Sins. I have sinned, O Lord; I have offended Thee: I have done evil before the face of Heaven and Earth, I have departed from thy Law; I have turned my back on Thy Grace; adored what offended Thee; made an Idol of my Guilt, and run on without fear or shame in the ways of Deceit, Vanity and Perdition. Ah! my God! how much it grieves me for having so much offended Thee? I am grieved for grieving so little, when the Injuries I have done Thee are so great. I am more troubled

troubled at the greatness of the Ingratitude wherewith I have offended, than at the greatness of the Torment which I have deserved. But, O Lord, what do I say? O my God, my Grief is none at all. A Grief which doth not put an end to Life, is not Grief: A Sorrow which doth not tear from me this Soul of mine, is not Sorrow: A Contrition which doth not even break my Heart into pieces, is not to be accounted Contrition. I would have the Sorrow for my Sins to be as great as the Sins themselves: I would have the Regret for having displeased Thee to hold proportion with the Injuries committed against Thee: I would have a Grief equal to Thy Mercy: I would willingly bewail my great Sins with Tears of Blood, more for the Offence and Injury which they have caused against Thee, than for the Damage & Perdition which they bring upon myself: I wish, O Lord, that as in Offending Thee the Guilt was infinite, so in Repenting thereof the Grief were also infinite. But where shall I find so deep a sence of Sorrow, save only in the Fountain of Thy Grace? where shall I find such a Grief, save only in the knowledge of  
 Thy

Thy immense Goodness, and of my infinite Malice? Whence are those Tears to flow, save only from the Ocean of Thy Mercy? Here I come to Thy Feet; Consider not in what manner; in what time; how late; Consider only that I come. Ah! Lord, How miserable do I come? How filthy? How abominable? Clad with the ugliness of my Sins; Covered with the filthiness of my Offences, and full of the abominations and vices of my Life! But because they are Thy Feet to which I come, O my God, I come with the confidence of finding in Thy Mercy a secure Haven, in Thy Compassion a Defence, in Thy Clemency a Refuge, and in Thy Goodness a Remedy. Wherefore, O Lord, trembling at Thy Justice, I seek no other Refuge, save that of Thy Mercy: I pretend no shelter but Thy Clemency: In this I trust, O my God: For though by Sin I have lost the Nature and Privilege of a Son, yet Thou, O Lord, infinitely Good, dost not lose the Nature and Condition, which Thou hadst, of a Father. Let then, O Lord, Thy infinite Grace complete that Work in me which Thy infinite Mercy has begun. Let Thy Clemency

cy come to the succour of this miserable Creature : Take pity and compassion of this poor Soul. I purpose with Thy Grace to amend my Life, to confess my Faults, to persevere in Thy Service, to pardon Injuries, to avoid the occasions of Evil, to abhor my Vices, to make such restitution as I am able, and to comply, as I am bound, with Thy Holy Commandments. I trust, O Lord, in Thy infinite Goodness, that Thou wilt pardon all my Sins, through the Death and Passion of my Lord *Jesus Christ* ; for though in His Wounds there is Justice to Punish me, yet in the same Wounds there is likewise Mercy to Forgive me. Mercy ! Mercy ! Mercy !

*The Reader is humbly desired to Pray for the Translator.*

**F I N I S.**